

The Macon Beacon

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1914.

LORD ROBERTS THE IDOL OF TOMMY ATKINS.

The death the other day of England's justly distinguished and greatly beloved Field Marshal, Lord Roberts, aged eighty-two, was a deplorable national loss to Great Britain, despite the large number of his years.

Wise in counsel, great in action and absolutely faithful to every duty, he had the love and veneration of the crown and the people.

Whether rightly so or not, he was, by his admirers, and those who had the distinction to serve under him and help to bear his battle flag, time and again to victory, deemed "the greatest soldier of his time."

Love for him was irresistible because of his virtue and valor; and it was not confined to people of rank.

The king, the nobility and the great masses of the middle classes admired and adored him, while he was idolized by Tommy Atkins, whose estimate of him Kipling, in his inimitable and characteristic, if not incomparable way gives in these verses:

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs!
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
Our Bobs!
If it buxer or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round 'is ears—
Can't yer Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's our pukka Kandahader—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
'E's the Dook of Aggy Chel,
'E's the man that done us well,
An' 'e'll follow 'im to 'ell!
Won't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs!
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs,
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink—
Don't 'it Bobs?
So we will not complain,
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An' amassin' souvereer
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pucker-Wallin' 'em an' arder—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!

A finer and better descriptive tribute, intended to show the high and beautiful affection—the great love and esteem—in which a physically small but large souled and great Captain is held by the rank and file of the armies he has dauntlessly led to a hundred victories, cannot be conceived, much less expressed, than that of Kipling to Lord Roberts.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, we have heard with deep regret of the serious accident that has befallen our beloved superintendent, T. W. Jackson.

Therefore, be it resolved, by the Ex-Prairie Sunday school that the sympathy of each and every member is hereby tendered him and his family; we pray God, who tempers the wind to the shorn land, may comfort and sustain him in this time of affliction, and

Resolved second: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him and the Macon BEACON for publication.

Men's Clothing.

We are showing the most complete line of Men's clothing in the city. Let us convince you.

PATY DAY GOODS CO.

Homes for the Homeless.

The devastation of Belgium, because of war, places before civilized nations problems which charity cannot solve. Something more than "help," something more than food, clothing and winter shelter, is needed.

It is to be offered in the form of land for the landless, with financial aid for these Belgians who will come to America and grow up with the country.

The Railroad Industrial Improvement Association held a meeting in Chicago, November 10. The president of the Association, F. H. Baume, outlined this plan of relief, as follows:

"With the farms of Belgium and portions of France and Austria already devastated and the owners bankrupt, and with the probability of the devastation of the homes of millions more in these countries and Germany and Russia before the war ends, the railroads of the United States are ready to stake these people to small farms.

"The minimum farm will be two acres; the average about ten, probably. We will sell the land on credit and advance money to till it. The average European farmer knows how to raise as much on two acres as we do on ten. Within a year or two the immigrants will be debt free and have a home for life, free from peril of war, compulsory service and excessive taxation.

"The railroads' gain will be in increased business in the shipment of the product of the farms. But that will be an enormous business."

This is a subject worth the attention of the south, where lands are cheap, where white labor is scarce and where we are beginning a new era in intensive farming.—Home and Farm.

New Broom Sweeping Clean.

In the last years of the Wirt Adams administration of the duties of the office of State Revenue Agent, there was to be observed a marked relaxation in the use of the powers of that office that had made back tax visitations events of apprehension and alarm to the communities so distinguished. This was according to human nature. It is also in human nature, that under the stewardship of the new broom successor to the office, a revival is to be noted activities that were of heinous effects far beyond any gain to the state from Mississippi's famous "drag net." Vide the story published in The Herald today as an encouragement to industrial enterprise, typical of many others of like quality. The new incumbent of the office, Mr. Oscar Johnson, who only has a cinch on a piece of a term, has evidently for his motto—"make hay while the sun shines." He is in a fair way of winning the praise once bestowed upon a long ago and distinguished citizen and district attorney, who was so successful in securing convictions that the judge on the bench said his "talent is so great and resistless that he is a menace to the innocent and the guilty alike."—Vicksburg Herald.

Of Interest to Peanut Growers.

The southern peanut hull mills have been chartered at Petersburg, Va. with a capital of \$100,000, by the state corporation commission. L. R. Jones is the pres.; L. R. Jones, sec. and treas.; R. Bolling Wilcox, vice-pres.; all of Petersburg. This concern will provide an ample market for all the peanut products of southwestern Va. and will employ nearly 100 hands throughout the season. The promoters are making large promises for next season's crop, endeavoring to persuade farmers generally to double up on their peanut acreage.—Southern Farming.

Encouraging reports come from Meridian to the effect that our good friend, E. Cahn; the oil mill promoter, will probably get it all out of his system concerning the Sons of Plato prior to the Christmas holidays. If he don't it will be a very gloomy Christmas for some of his associates in that industry.—Jackson News.

While present conditions are making us do more serious business thinking than most of us have done in a long while, why not begin, not "resolve" to begin, to pay for what we buy when we buy it. It is an old and somewhat shelf-worn sentiment, to talk about "doing without that which we can not pay for when we get it," nevertheless we need to hark back to many old things. A truth really never grows old. It is what we owe, more than what we are failing.—Grenada Sentinel.

Two Civil War Poems

From the Commercial-Appeal.

Because of the universal interest in the titanic conflict now rending Europe, the two poems given below—both relics of the Civil War—are appropriate at the time. That they have appeared in print many times will not detract from their merit or from the interest in them.

The first, "A Confederate Note," was written on the back of a \$500 bill after the surrender at Appomattox. The author is Maj. S. A. Jonas, an officer in the Confederate army, and the venerable owner and editor of the Aberdeen Examiner. Nestor of the Mississippi press, Maj. Jonas is today vigorous in mind and body. He has always been active in politics and an unyielding Democrat. While an attaché of the Department of Agriculture during the Cleveland administration he retained active editorship of the Examiner, and is still a citizen of Aberdeen.

The other poem, "The Lord's Prayer," is by an unknown author. It was found on the battle field at Charleston, S. C., and is an ingenious literary effort. While the meter is almost perfect, yet the phraseology of the prayer remains as given by Christ to His disciples in the sermon on the Mount.

A CONFEDERATE NOTE.

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it—
As the pledge of a nation that has passed away.
Keep it, dear friend, and show it.

Snow it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale this trifle will tell
Of Liberty, born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
She issued today her promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on and the weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so scarce that the treasury quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong,
Indeed,
Though poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represents the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.

We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet, as gold our soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And every true soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price or pay
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew that if it bought our bread today,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of our dream to the last,
Modest, and born of an angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, it passed.

The other poem mentioned above, was published in last week's BEACON. It was written in Revolutionary instead of during the Civil war, as stated above.—Publisher Beacon.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Unfurl the flag of freedom, Lo, Behold!
The ensign of a people young and bold!
Repeat our banner's story
Salute the flag of glory
Which reveals the stars of Freedom in each fold.

Refrain:—
The Stars and Stripes shall never kiss the dust,
The sword of justice never sleep in rust,
O, our hearts are loyal, true
To our old red, white and blue,
Love for God and home and Country is our Trust.

Every true heart of the nation deep true feel
The thrilling patriotic vim and zeal
Which has shaped our glorious fate,
Making each new grateful state
In Old Glory's azure field a living seal!

God has made our land a nation rich and great,
He inspired our fathers with a nation's fate,
The principles were few,
Immortal, simple, true—
Eternal, are His laws for man and state.

Americans we are, and brave at heart,
And every man of us will do his part,
Let our declaration stand
Soul aflame and flag in hand
We will fight in peace and war with wilting heart.

—Father H. B. Tierny in Leslie's Weekly.

Cotton Ginned in Noxubee.

There were 12,001 bales of cotton, counting round as half bales, ginned in Noxubee county, from the crop of 1914 prior to November 14th, 1914, as compared with 17,193 bales ginned prior to November 14th, 1913.

Perfect Horse-Shoeing.

Those interested in fine horse-shoeing read in the BEACON lately the high recommendations from Louisville in praise of Mr. J. T. Jackson. For a month now Mr. Jackson has been working in Macon and I have carefully scrutinized his work. I can say with candor that it is the best I ever saw, in fact perfect. He is a scientific man, understands the horse's hoof, its conformation, needs, diseases, and how to shoe to cure or avoid corns and other foot ailments. His work is perfect.

JOHN STAGGS.

BROOKSVILLE.

The Union Thanksgiving service at the Methodist church was a very impressive occasion. A large congregation, beautiful music, a fine sermon by the Rev. T. L. Sasser, of the Baptist church, with Rev. J. J. Baird, as master of ceremonies. All conspired to make it a very solemn, sweet service. The collection will be divided among the orphans.

Rev. E. C. Lee was out of town Thursday preaching a Thanksgiving sermon.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Smith died last Friday night at the home of its grand father, Mr. Joe Smith, Sr., near town. The burial took place Sunday afternoon in Borders cemetery, Rev. E. C. Lee conducting the services. Mrs. Dinwiddie, of Tennessee, the baby's maternal grand mother, Mrs. Monk and other relatives from Bigbee Valley attended the funeral.

Miss Hunter, of Macon, is to succeed Miss Hudson at the telephone office.

Mrs. Edwin Leich and children, of Columbus, are the guests of Mrs. Heaton.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Stewart, of Fairport, to Miss Josie Hudson, of this place, has been announced. It will take place about the middle of December.

Misses Annie B. Johnson and Annie Lou Calmes, Messrs. Will Bell and Roy Madison attended the entertainment in Macon Tuesday evening.

Rev. Mr. Sasser and lady, gave a six o'clock dinner Tuesday to the official members of the Baptist church.

Mrs. Perry is to entertain the ladies of the High school faculty Saturday evening.

Mrs. Graham and several grand daughters, from Meridian, are visiting at Mr. G. W. Graham.

Mr. W. B. McMorries, of Waynesboro, spent Thursday with his mother's family.

Mrs. Snowden, of Macon, has been with Mrs. Boggess this week.

Dr. Edwin McMorries, of Meridian, has been with relatives in town and country for several days.

Rev. J. J. Baird, wife and daughter, dined with friends in Macon Thursday.

Misses Emma Halbert and Annie Jones gave a reception Friday afternoon. Miss Josie Hudson was the honoree.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Swallow, of Macon, spent Thursday at Mrs. J. G. Petersons.

Town is full of candidates for the municipal offices.

The musical entertainments by the Dickson family Wednesday and Thursday evenings were exceptionally fine. All the music lovers were delighted.

Noxubee Negro Lost in the Pen.

Jim Johnson is a negro, and for 24 years has been serving the state of Mississippi as a convict. All of this time, Jim, officially, was not in the penitentiary.

If you had told Jim this he would probably have thought you crazy and said, "Don't you see I am here."

Jim has been doing his share of the work, assisting in making big crops for the state. The officers of the pen knew he was there, yet when Governor Brewer yesterday decided to give him a pardon he could find no such name on the penitentiary rolls.

The governor caused a careful search to be made of the records but Jim's name was missing.

Jim was sent up from the circuit court of Noxubee county, nearly a quarter of a century ago on a charge of murder and with a life sentence to serve. Friends recently came to his aid and the governor has now decided he has been punished enough. The negro is getting along in years, is polite, respectful and rated a first class convict. His first breach of discipline will come when he is told he cannot be pardoned because he is not in the penitentiary. Then it is he will take issue with the authorities on that point.

It is probable the failure of the record to disclose Jim's incarceration was due to an error by the clerk of the prison at the time of the conviction or it may have occurred at some subsequent date while the records were being transcribed.

The governor is of the opinion that once the record is straightened out and Jim allowed to depart down the high road of freedom to the scene of his former activities, his mind will be in such a state he will not be inclined to criticize the error of the clerk which consigned him to oblivion.

—Clarion-Ledger.

AT THE

New Macon Jewelry Store!

a full line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

now open for inspection. Call early and make your selection. Christmas is coming! and every body who sees our beautiful display of

Holiday Attractions

is glad of it. Come to headquarters for the right present at the right prices. Our fine Holiday Stock is full of

Quality : Variety : Beauty
and Good Taste.

It is easy to select from supplies exactly what you want and it would be a mistake to buy elsewhere before you see it.

Remember this splendid assortment contains the right thing for every person—old, middle-aged or young—we will please you. We will satisfy you—we will meet your wants, be they large or small, with the most suitable presents at fairest prices.

Respectfully,

W. E. AVERY, Prop.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS
AT

HARDIN'S

FOR A FINE

FRUIT CAKE : CELERY OYSTERS : CRANBERRIES

and other good things for Christmas .

President Buys Ford

Summer home of Chief Executive equipped
with car by Miller Bros.

IF President Wilson shows as sound judgment in making all his future appointments as he did recently, we see no imminent danger of the ship of state foundering. Miller Bros., our Washington, D. C., representatives, notified us that they delivered a Ford to the White House for the President, to be used at his summer home.

This announcement from our Washington agents coming so closely upon the heels of Mr. Ford's visit to the national capital and conference with the President as to the state of business did not surprise us much.

We thoroughly believed that Mr. Ford would himself make the sale, but in his characteristic kindly way he stepped aside so that Miller Bros. would get the credit of selling a Ford to the first citizen of the land.

The addition of the President to the Ford family is very gratifying to the Company.

He is perhaps the most famous Ford owner, though Fords are owned by hundreds of leaders of the world's activities.

For instance, there were nineteen princes and two grands dukes driving Fords of their own in Russia, according to the last report from our Russian representative—Mr. M. S. Friede.

Several members of the English peerage drive Fords, as do also many titled persons in the other countries of Europe.

Even the Tasha Lama of Urga has a Ford town car, which was delivered to him under its own power across the Gobi desert of Mongolia, being the first pleasure car to negotiate the hazardous trip.

And in Washington the President will find himself among a distinguished company of Ford owners. But a few days after reporting the sale of a Ford to the President, Miller Bros. announced they had sold a car to the Hon. Frank B. Brandegee, U. S. Senator from Connecticut.

JAS. G. HORTON, Agent,
MACON, MISSISSIPPI.

Position During Sleep.

People who believe it advisable to sleep with the head to the north hold that the magnetic current flowing from north to south induces healthful rest as it passes through the body. This opinion is by no means generally accepted.

Scheme Didn't Work.

"We thought we'd rather move than clean house." "Great scheme!" "Unfortunately, the same idea had occurred to the people who vacated the house we moved into."

Had the Pastor Guessing.

The Pastor's Wife—"What peculiar eyes young Ashley has. They always seem half-closed." The Pastor—"Yes, he has me guessing. I'm inclined to think he sleeps all through my sermons—but I can't catch him at it."

Emotions Disturb Digestion.

Worry and distress, rage and excitement, fear and anger cause the muscles of the stomach and the rest of the alimentary channel to stop action. These emotions also stop the juices of digestion from flowing.